

FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR



CREEPY
#28
AUG.

CREEPY

GOOD LORD!
BULLETS WON'T STOP
IT! ONLY ONE THING
LEFT TO DO...!

50¢



TALES OF HORROR
AND MYSTERY BY THE
WORLD'S GREATEST
COMIC ARTISTS

SURE I CAN ENDURE THE THROES OF REPOSE ON THIS COMFORTABLE
OUCH COUCH... **INSOMNIACS**... IF YOU CAN EXCUSE
MY BORING SNORING WHILE I DREAM UP AN ILLUSION OF
CONFUSION FROM THE PROFUSION OF...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!



IN
WITNERED
MYSTERY HE
BLOWS HIS SHRILL OF THRIBBING
MUSIC TOWARD THE WEAVER SERPENT
NEAR HIM... FLOATING WITH IT IN THE
TRANCE OF SPELLBOUND RAPTURE
WHICH UNSENSES THEM. HE IS
THE FAKIR!

SUSPENDED FROM HIS MORAL
BONDS, UNTOUCHED BY MERE REALITY...
WHAT MAGIC DOES THIS WIZARD
KEEP, THAT BURNING COALS CAUSE
LITTLE MORE THAN SMILES, TO SHOW
-- HIS FEELINGS?



A SEVEN NOTCHED
HAND HE CARRIES TIED WITHIN HIS HAIR... TO OVERSEE
HIS PURPOSE AND PERMIT HUM ENDELESS POWER! THE
FAKIR! THAT HE WOULD CHOOSE TO FLEE THIS WORLD
BY ROPE, ASCENDING THEN TO VANISH IN THE ABYSS
OF HIS OTHER WORLD.

UNEXPLAINED BY ANY
WHO DARE TO WATCH
...UNANSWERED BY
OTHERS WHO'D DARE
TO QUESTION THE
LIVES WITHIN THE
CIRCLE OF HIS MAGIC
...UNREFRACED BY
CAUSE OR PROOF, FOR
HE IS **FAKIR**... AND
IN HIM ALL THINGS
BECOME THE GAME
OF DESTINY!



CREEPY

NO. 28

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN

EDITOR: BILL PARENTE

COVER: VIC PREZIO

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: TONY WILLIAMSUNE, DAN ADKINS, TOM SUTTON, ROCCO MASTROSERIO

BRIAN STUART, STEVE STILES, ERNIE COLON WRITERS THIS ISSUE: RUBIN REID, KIM BALL, ARCHIE GOODWIN, ARNOLD HAYES, NICOLA CUTI, CARL WESSLER



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Allow us to enlighten you with some legendary levitation!

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Brilliant bunch of biting writing spills from the quills of our illustrious?

MADNESS IN THE METHOD

Henry Helmond has a crazy plan to get away with murder

CREEPY FAN CLUB

Enjoy these noxious numb-bits courtesy of our reading fan clan!

IN THE SUBWAY

Our first contest classic creates a conscious cracking creature for us to uncover. Won't you buy a token for the ride?

THE WORM IS TURNING

Try wriggling out of this revulsive revelation, not-toes! Who knows what you will turn up.

GRUB

Ful your fuel tanks with some fantasy as we race to reality inside the ravaged remains of a rocketship!

VALLEY OF THE VAMPIRES

Thirsty for a bit of bubbling brain-food, blood brood? Why not try a sip of this corpuscule, curdling chapter?

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



Just picked up issue #26 and it was spectacular! Basil Gogos did a great job on the cover and VODOODO DOLL and BACKFIRE were the greatest. All your stories were written and drawn very well and only STRANGER IN TOWN was just so so. I didn't care for the story and compared to the others, it wasn't very good. UNTIMELY MEETING was a top ranker. Bill Parente did a great job on that one. SECOND CHANCE was fantastic but I guess the one can outsmart Satan. COMPLETELY CURED had a clever ending but better art would have improved it. I'm happy to see, after all is said and done, that you had such a good issue. Now I know you're not al-

right.
BILL PAPINEAU
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

What do you mean, NO, we can't outsmart Satan? How do you think I got old parch pass to print in an appearance? Come on Bill, start smoking will you!

Issue #26 was another winner! The cover was great. STRANGER IN TOWN was chilling. SECOND CHANCE was also good, a story with a most imaginative plot. UNTIMELY MEETING was really fantastic, a great achievement for Erma Colan and Bill Parente. BACKFIRE had superb artwork, although short in content. As for your letters page, I couldn't agree more. Keep spinach complaint in his own crummy mag!

JOHN BROWER
Clayton, Miss.

Tot's turning it on, John! Guess gung-ho guy can't kick his

nut after all . . . It's getting to be a habit!

Congratulations for the best issue of CREEPY since issue #8. The plots for the entire issue were excellent! The art was just great and the cover was second only to the great Frank Frazetta. I can't wait until next issue when Frazetta returns. The two reprints were selected in good taste, having been two of your best stories. I enjoy Ditko's art and I hope you're going to print more of it. Your first story, STRANGER IN TOWN was excellent. The plot was great and Reed did a great job on the artwork. COMPLETELY CURED was the worst story in the book, but it still was good. I liked Erma Colan's art in UNTIMELY MEETING. Recently the question was brought up if CREEPY was as good as some of the E.C. line. I don't think so, I think CREEPY is better.

JOE TARALI
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sure, Joe . . . sobble . . . that statement sorts us right out of the slate in our mob! Bert! . . . thanks for caring . . .

Just went through issue #26 and thought it was more than great! The cover was taken from FAMOUS MONSTERS, and in the letter column I see that Frank Frazetta is returning. FANTASTIC! Best story this time around was STRANGER IN TOWN Sutton did a thrilling job on that. UNTIMELY MEETING was a second and COMPLETELY CURED third. Williamson's art is improving. One last question: Can Canadians send in for bell's issues? If so, how much money do I have to add for postage and handling?

CHRISTIAN CASTRAVELLI
Montreal, Quebec

Sorry Christian old cuve, at this time only undemanded Venustans and over-weight gongs can send in subscriptions. Know any who might help you out?

Of all the twenty-five issues of CREEPY, this latest one was probably the worst. Only two writers, Archie Goodwin and Bill Parente, and all of Goodwin's stories were reprints. BACKFIRE, SECOND CHANCE and VODOODO DOLL were just the first time you saw them, and printing them again won't help any. STRANGER IN TOWN had three bad features. The plot was bad, the editing made no sense, and the artwork was horrible. COMPLETELY CURED was horrible altogether and the plot barely held up. UNTIMELY MEETING was the only story which seemed to make sense. The artwork, however, made it collapse. All in all you guys have put out a rotten issue. Shape up or you'll lose me as

a customer.

BEN BERKOWITZ
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I promise, promises, that's all I get. Baby boy, you little bugger . . . don't you know flattery will get you nowhere!

Just finished reading issue #26 and I must say, SECOND CHANCE, UNTIMELY MEETING and BACKFIRE were fabulous by the way. In SECOND CHANCE I found something that spoiled the whole tammying touch. Page four failed to be exact. The name Bebeabub is strictly a Cousin EERIE expression. I hope I won't see any more trash like that in CREEPY. Other than that, the story was fab. UNTIMELY MEETING also, fab! CIBRIL sure inst. have been working himself to the bone in the masterpiece to come that piece of fantastic terror. Erma Colan's art was superb, so how about more of him, soon! Say Uncle, you really goaded me into VODOODO DOLL from a past issue. I'm sure your stinky staff of writing whorem could come up with some new, nauseating tales. Whatever did Basil Gogos get his ideas for that spine-tingling, hair-raising cover? So brutal. Once again I have to repeat, BACKFIRE was some thing else! If every story was that good, Cousin EERIE would be ashamed to show his rather rotten face. Except for a few, tiny mistakes in #26, it was a masterpiece! Brevilo

PAUL MIGLIORE
Elberon, N.J.

To your concern for our ailing editor is abysmal. pal Paul . . . next time we slip him some slime, we'll be sure to give you worst wishes.

I picked it up, I looked at the cover, I dropped the dastard. After being cured by that nearest-witch doctor, I slowly walked to the table and bravely picked up issue #26 again. Very cautiously I read it. It was marvelous. The cover, beautifully done by Basil Gogos, STRANGER IN TOWN had great art, but the story wouldn't even scare a two-year-old. Another thing about the story, Tom Sutton drew this. Not Reed Crandall. Ditko scored again in SECOND CHANCE. I really liked COMPLETELY CURED and UNTIMELY MEETING, but I don't understand the road breaking up on page 31, last frame. One of my favorites this issue was BACKFIRE. I like the way Morrow makes bullet holes.

JAMES SZYMANSKI
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

REALLY . . . ? You should see what our man Morrow does with a knife . . . such magnificent mutilation you never imagined!

I have been a fan of your magazine for quite some time

but I never really felt the need to write you until now. Issue #26 was very good, storywise. Artwise the book was below average. After careful consideration, I conclude that STRANGER IN TOWN was the best story, graphically, with, believe it or not, a reprint, VODOODO DOLL, second. In order come next, UNTIMELY MEETING, COMPLETELY CURED, SECOND CHANCE and BACKFIRE. One thing, Reed Crandall was way off in his style, it just didn't look like his stuff. Jerry Grandenetti did his best work in VODOODO DOLL. I thought Loathsome Love was also very good. Last but not least, the cover by Basil Gogos was fine, the resemblance to Lon Chaney's vampire in London After Midnight was horrible. Bass really captured the feeling. I know you've heard this a million times but again, keep those large cover blurbies OFF the cover. It ruins the effect.

DAVE VIRRILL, JR.
Hudson, New York

To be exact Dave old knew, that makes the one-hundred, forty thousand, seven hundred and sixty sixth time I've heard it. But keep trying anyway . . . we'll make a million yet!

Received CREEPY #26 in the mail just now. It had a good cover but it looked like a cover from an old issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS. I was surprised to see a new Loathsome Love also. STRANGER IN TOWN was one of Crandall's lesser attempts. The prof was rather obvious to me. VODOODO DOLL was my favorite story and Jerry Grandenetti did a nice job on the art. SECOND CHANCE was good, to bed it was a reprint from issue #13. As in every issue, there is always a story that is lacking. This issue it was COMPLETELY CURED. Tony Williamson's art is getting to be pretty good, but the plot was too thinly. BACKFIRE was another reprint and it was a let like EARLY WARNING from issue #13. UNTIMELY MEETING was good, but I'm not to fond of Erma Colan's art. One more thing, the art in STRANGER IN TOWN looked like Tom Sutton, not Reed Crandall. Am I right?

EDWARD KENDRICK
Cazenovia, N.Y.

You are indeed. Ed old bleed! STRANGER IN TOWN was not only the dabbling of bumbling Tom's pen and paper, perhaps EXCRUCIATING SUTTON also WRITES that revolting revelation. Once again, our blushing bogs for forgiveness go to our bushing buddy from Boston! Excuse the rush, Tom!

Want to write us? Address your personal care letters to: CREEPY LETTERS,
125 W. 34th St., NYC 10017

AND NOW A LITTLE PULSE-POUNDER, ABOUT A MAN WHO'S FOUND
A PERFECT METHOD FOR GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER...OR
SO IT SEEMS TO HIM UNTIL HE DISCOVERS THAT THERE'S...

MADNESS IN THE METHOD!

"ALL WAS GREY...
THE DANK, DRAB
DAY, THE DREARY
BUILDINGS BEHIND
THE GRIM WALLS
OF THE ASYLUM.
WHERE A JUDGE
HAD DECREED
HENRY BELMONT
WAS TO LIVE OUT
THE REST OF
HIS LIFE..."

"IN YOU GO,
HENRY! THIS
IS YOUR NEW
HOME..."

"DANNERFORD COUNTY ASYLUM
MUSN'T OVERDO ANYTHING.
GOT TO PLAY IT CARE-
FULLY HERE WHERE
THEY LIVE WITH
MADMEN!"

"I'M CAPTAIN DUNNON, HENRY!
HEAD GUARD HERE AT HANNERFORD
NO NEED TO BE UNEASY!
WE'RE ONE BIG FAMILY
HERE, Y'KNOW!"

"REALLY, THIS WASN'T
NECESSARY! YOU
CAN SEE HENRY'S
A GENTLE MAN..."

"HE'S PATRONIZING ME...AS
IF I WERE A WITLESS
IDIOT! BUT THEN...THAT'S
WHAT I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE!"



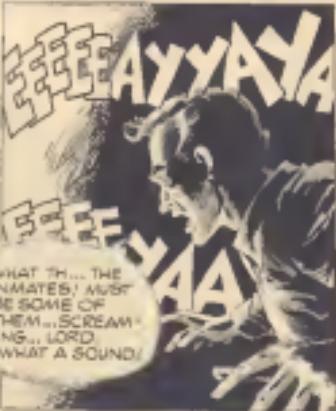
INITIAL PROCESSING COMPLETED, HENRY FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN DOWN SOMBER HALLS LEADING TO...

YOUR OWN PRIVATE ROOM, HENRY! YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT... WELL, WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU...

I DIDN'T EXPECT THINGS TO BE LIKE THIS! IT'S NOT BAD, NOT HALF BAD!

THEN DUNNION LEFT HIM, AND HENRY DIDN'T MIND... EVEN WHEN THE KEY RATTLED OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LOCKING IT WITH A CLICK...

THAT'S THAT! I'VE GOTTER AWAY WITH IT! I'LL STAY HERE A YEAR, MAYBE TWO OR THREE! AND THEN...



WHAT TH... THE INMATES! MUST BE SOME OF THEM... SCREAMING... LORD... WHAT A SOUND!

HENRY COMPOSED HIMSELF AND WAITED FOR THE MANIACAL SCREAMING TO STOP... DAY RACED INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF NIGHT AND STILL HE WAITED. NERVE ENDS TORN BY THE SOUND...



DON'T THEY STOP? DON'T THEY EVER STOP? OH GOD...

...IT'S GOT ME TRYING THIS DOOR EVERY TEN MINUTES TO BE SURE IT'S LOCKED! ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN MAD...

HAI I MUST BE CAREFUL NEVER TO SAY THAT ALoud!

BUT THE TORMENTING SHRIEKS LEFT NO ROOM FOR HUMOR AND SLEEP BECAME AN IMPOSSIBILITY. DESPERATELY, HENRY SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE PAST...

YOU'D LAUGH AT ME NOW IF YOU WERE ALIVE, MYRTLE! YOU'D SAY I BROUGHT IT ON MYSELF, WOULDN'T YOU, MYRTLE?



...AND THE LAWN, HENRY! THE NEIGHBORS
ARE TALKING ABOUT THE LAWN... WEEDS TWO
FEET HIGH! THEY'RE SAYING THINGS
ABOUT YOU...

...I HEAR OTHER
WOMEN TALK
ABOUT THEIR
HUSBANDS!
PROMOTIONS!
RAISES! BUT
YOU, HENRY...
THE SAME
LITTLE JOB,
THE SAME
PITIFUL PAY...

POUR IT ON, MYRTLE! RUB IT
IN! MAKE ME HATE YOU BE-
YOND ENDURANCE! MAKE
WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO
EASIER!

LOST IN MEMORIES OF THOSE LAST WEEKS WITH
HIS WIFE, DAWN SNEAKED UP ON HENRY BELMOND...

IT... IT'S MORNING? BUT I HAVEN'T
SLEPT... COULDN'T SLEEP IN THIS
ROOM! YOU'VE GOT TO MOVE ME!

THE NOISE BOthers YOU?
COME ON, HENRY... YOU SHOULD
ENJOY THE SCREAMING AND
HOWLING! JOIN IN WITH
THE OTHERS!



CAPTAIN DUNNON
SAID IF THERE
WAS ANYTHING
I NEEDED...

VERY WELL. I'LL ASK THE
CAPTAIN TO CHANGE YOUR
QUARTERS. BUT YOU'RE
NEVER GOING TO BE HAPPY
IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO
ADJUST...

...AND CAPTAIN DUNNON PROVED A MAN OF
HIS WORD...

IT HURTS
DEEPLY WHEN ONE OF
MY CHARGES ISN'T HAPPY.
HENRY! I TRUST THIS
ARRANGEMENT WILL GIVE
YOU THE QUIET YOU
DEMAND...

WHAT IS IT WITH THE
GUARDS... WITH
DUNNON... CAN'T PUT
MY FINGER ON IT?



A PADDED CELL!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO DESERVE THIS! LET ME OUT! YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO PUT ME IN HERE! LET ME OUT!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! THERE'S JUST NO PLEASING YOU, IS THERE. HENRY IS VERY WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...

THIS IS ALBERT BRODRICK, HENRY! I TRUST YOU'LL GET ALONG WELL TOGETHER... NO MORE TROUBLE...

YES, YES! IT'LL BE GOOD JUST TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO!



THE DOOR SHUT, THE LOCK TURNED / FOOTSTEPS RETREATED DOWN THE HALL

THANK GOD, HE'S GONE! THAT DUNNON'S ALMOST AS BAD AS ANY OF THE INMATES! WHAT'S THE STORY ON HIM?



HENRY WAS STILL SCREAMING MINUTES LATER WHEN THE DOOR BURST OPEN AND CAPTAIN DUNNON ENTERED, GENTLY AND PATIENTLY REMOVING THE CLAWING, GRASPING MANIAC FINGERS FROM HENRY'S THROAT...

H-HE'S A MADMAN / VIOLENTLY INSANE! ALMOST... KILLED ME...

THAT'S ENOUGH, HENRY! I WON'T HAVE YOU PROVOKING OUR OTHER INMATES! IF YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE WHAT I DO FOR YOU, PERHAPS YOU'LL PREFER THE DOCTORS' RECOMMENDATIONS!



WE'RE NOT PLEASED WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, HENRY. NOT PLEASED AT ALL! FROM WHAT THE CAPTAIN TELLS US, I FEAR WE MUST BE HARSH WITH YOU...

BLASTED DUNNON! I DON'T DARE TELL THEM WHAT A NUT HE IS AS LONG AS HE'S STANDING HERE...

NORMALITY IS A MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT, HENRY! YOUR RECORD INDICATES AN INABILITY TO COPE WITH YOUR SURROUNDINGS...

THE DOCTORS' VOICES DRONED ON... MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT, ADAPTABILITY TO SURROUNDINGS... THEY TALKED ON AND ON, JUST AS MYRTLE HAD DONE...



PARANOIA, HENRY! I DISCUSSED IT WITH DR. MARSH AND THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS IS WRONG WITH YOU... HENRY! AREN'T YOU LISTENING?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE DONE?

YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MY DEAR...



...YOU'VE SPREAD THE MYTH OF MY INSANITY UNTIL EVERYONE, EVEN OUR DOCTOR, IS CONVINCED OF IT! AND NOW...

...THUS, UNTIL YOU CAN LEARN TO LIVE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY HERE AT MANNERFORD, HENRY, WE CAN ONLY RECOMMEND YOU TO THE VIOLENT WARD!

V-VIOLENT WARD? BUT... BUT LOOK, I'M NOT VIOLENT. I'M NOT! IT'S DUNNON... HIS GUARDS... THE PLACES THEY PUT ME...



THE DOCTORS SHOOK THEIR HEADS, EYING HIM WITH PITY AS DUNNON LEAD HIM FROM THE ROOM AND DOWN... DOWN DEEP INTO THE OLD BUILDING'S DEPTHS... DOWN INTO HORROR...

POOR HENRY! I KNOW YOU WON'T LIKE IT HERE, BUT IT WILL TEACH YOU... AH... HUMILITY!

Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE... IT'S MAD! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES... PLEASE, DUNNON... PLEASE!



DUNNON TURNED
SHAKING HIS HEAD
SADLY, LEAVING
HENRY TO SHARE
THE TORMENT OF
THE MADDENED
TWISTED MINDS...
LEAVING HIM
TO SEEK THE
ONLY REFUGE
LEFT, HIS OWN
MEMORIES...



...THE SYMPTOMS WERE
CLASSIC! I WARNED MRS.
BELMOND HE MIGHT BE
COME VIOLENT...
SHE COULDN'T
BELIEVE IT
OF HER
HUSBAND...

THANK YOU, DR.
MARSH! WITH THE
REST OF THE TESTI-
MONY PRESENTED,
I'M SURE THE COURT
WILL AGREE WITH
OUR RECOMMENDATION.

IT IS THE DECISION OF
THIS COURT THAT THE
DEFENDANT, HENRY
BELMOND, BE COM-
MITTED TO A MENTAL
INSTITUTION...UNTIL
CONSIDERED AS FIT
TO TAKE HIS PLACE
IN SOCIETY...

I'VE DONE IT! I'LL
PLAY IT CAREFULLY
AND IN NO TIME,
THEY'LL LET
ME OUT!



LET ME OUT!

I CAN'T STAND
THIS! KEEP
THEM AWAY!
GET THEM
OFF
ME!

WAAA

A HELLISH ETERNITY PAST UNTIL FINALLY
HENRY'S PITIFUL SHRIEKS WERE
ANSWERED...

AGAIN, HENRY! I
DON'T BELONG HERE... I
CAN'T TAKE IT ANY
MORE... I'M A MURDERER...
I WANT TO CONFESS...



CONFESS, HENRY? YOU'RE NOT RESPONDING WELL AT ALL! THIS IS A TERRIBLE REGRESSION. CAN'T YOU TRY TO ADJUST? WE ALL HAVE TO, YOU KNOW!

I TELL YOU I MURDERED MY WIFE... PRETENDED TO BE INSANE! IT WAS PRE-MEDITATED MURDER!

HENRY PEERED ANXIOUSLY, DESPERATELY FROM ONE FATIGUED, SMILING FACE TO THE NEXT, TRYING TO CONVINCE THEM...

COME, HENRY! YOU CAN'T FOOL A JUDGE, ATTORNEYS DOCTORS... IT'S ALL DELUSION!

I'LL GET LIFE IMPRISONMENT, LOSE MY WIFE'S INSURANCE MONEY... WOULD I ADMIT ALL THIS IF I WERE INSANE?



THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE! THERE'S ONE SURE TEST TO SETTLE THE QUESTION...

I DON'T KNOW, DOCTOR... THAT METHOD'S VERY CONTROVERSIAL... STILL, WE HAVEN'T DONE IT IN A LONG TIME...

I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE ANYMORE! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY JUST LIKE IT DID YOUR GUARDS! I'LL SUBMIT TO ANY TEST TO GET OUT OF HERE... ANYTHING!

FINE, HENRY! NOW WE'LL SETTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL! IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MIND...

W-WAIT... WHAT KIND OF TEST IS THIS... WAIT... NOOOO!



Shortly, the screaming stopped, and the doctors were able to complete the test...

I FEAR GENTLEMEN, WE BADLY MISJUDGED HENRY BELMONDO... HIS BRAIN LOOKS PERFECTLY NORMAL TO ME!

UNQUESTIONABLY DOCTOR, I PERFECTLY NORMAL! HEHEHE HEHEHE... PERFECTLY NORMAL!

HMM... FELLOW INMATES EVERYONE AT HANNEFORD ADJUSTED SO WELL TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN THE STAFF WAS NUTS! WHAT A CRAZY STORY... BUT IF YOU'RE NOT INSANE OVER THIS ONE, TRY MY NEXT MIND-BENDER!



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



All set for another SHUDDER SESSION...SHAGGYD GROWL! Grab a shelf for yourself while I unsomn some gloom from the doom of my DEMONITION-AID! Better get a good grip on your upper lip, PUTRID PLEBEANS before we lash into some legendary loney concerning a tarnished little fellow we fondly call, the ...

"GHOUL"

Try, dirt pebbles tumbled down the sloping mound of death. It was though the grave itself had moved them from the tombstone plot they covered. Through filmy clouds a blinded moon could merely hint her presence, silhouetting vaguely in the high noon of the night, a row of gleaming markers. Could marble slabs abuse the silence enfolding them, for even now the rising grass of dirt, betrayed the numbness of this mortuary. Suny Death walked softly when he came, and yet sounds stir around you, pervading every instant of your listening while your eyes pretend their vision. Unhindered, eyelids forcing shut their aching in ages, stretched to sleep from sight the dread of Satan's mariscal still, hands cannot feel your sandy by covering the sight of it... and when your cheek is faged by a spry touch of heat, your eyes fly wide to see the tree branch staggering in the wind. Down bloodless, tombstone avenues, you watch the shaking rodents come, swooping to embrace you and then, fluttering, scampers, into the chasm of the darkness. At last you see it... there beyond your seeking stare! A shuddering hand, stripped clean of flesh, underneath it, self between the clumps of dead, brown grass. You realize a flesh thief dwells beneath the stagewinged ghouls! Your mouth engorges to utter thoughts of panic, the scream it hopes for gagged on speechless feelings which imparts your pounding brain. Finally shuddering free, just seconds from your own unwanted prison, his body shuffles toward you. Salive caked upon the skinless lips as clause their



Fondish DAVID FLETCHER, fruit fan from many Yorkshire-England, admits his graveyard gobbin is simply STARVING for affection! Poor, undernourished skelestopo, all he'll find in that nothing restaurant are a bunch of... COLD CUTS...heh!

wobbling at you, he stumbles past, the instruments around you. Your nostrils strain to flee the stench of death's disinter-gation...there is useless feeling. But wait...this creature seeks the soft decay of buried food, not those who still are living! You cannot feel your

limbs and yet you know you want them moving. "Stop", your senses tell the raving vulture, your thoughts are broken by carnivorous sobbing, lasting human carnion! No sound escapes the frenzy, frozen in your mind...and then as teeth incision bits of

flesh upon you, you realize your fate. The sucking sounds of dribbling satisfaction erupt into your sensations body and you close your eyes to greet him. You will not mind the snarling slashes of his hunger, for pain does not disturb the dead...does it?

THIS IS IT, CAULDRON CONTESTANTS . . . so get ready for the reeking results of our really, fantabulous first-H! Oh yes, that's IN . . . unless you thought someone in their wrong mind would let this catered conglomeration of convulsive characters escape Warren's chains here in Crunch City! With a group of great guys and girls out there in goomy gangland, flooding us with a tidal wave of witty writing . . . how in the heck could any of us get OUT? You inheavenly leprechauns will be delighted to learn that our poor, pooped PARENTE almost popped his paupers, paring through the devilish doom dialogue you demons delivered! Rattling Bill had to take a short vacation to untangle his rattled brain remains, after the thousands of tootsy tid-bits he read. Now that he's back on the rock, the rest of our guest winners are standing by to receive their green awards. Meanwhile, that habbergeon fellow in the fulminating photograph, is none other than FIRST PRIZE WINNER . . . RAMBUNCTIOUS REUBEN REID! Your funny UNCT CREEPY, joins me in congratulating RATTLING REUBEN for his sunny twisting, throat throttling tale of tortuous tension, "IN THE SUBWAY". His entry took the honors in our CAULDRON CONTEST MONSTER CATEGORY. While the bleu busch here in downtown Madhattan are getting a life time subscription to EERIE and (sic) CREEPY ready for WRITHING REUBEN to enjoy, Sergeant Reid's morbid mixture of monstrous melodrama is being masterpieced together by our own, TRAUMATIC TONY WILLIAMSURE. After seeing some of the jolting joints, deepest Tony's plotting for "IN THE SUBWAY", I've been hitch-hiking to work every midnight instead of riding the wall until it's safer. And just wait until all of YOU cool ghouls get a glimpse of Tony's friggle tapestry . . . WOW! After what our wily wizard who won, told me about his wriggling winner, nearly NOT being submitted . . . but that's jumping ahead of our story a bit grub-group. First, why don't we meet and greet our honorary honor host for this lab . . . Sergeant REUBEN REID.

EVANSVILLE, Indiana takes honors as Rauben's home-town learnt August 20, 1945 takes credit for the other details surrounding his jump into this world. Rattling Rauben tells us that he moved around a lot in those days, and ten grammar schools and one, John Carroll High School later, moving Reid agreed to settle down

to a rather regular routine. His first stop, after his last step out of High School, was to start in an engineering course. He dabbled a bit free-lancing about as a commercial artist, decided to switch to full time drafting while still studying the mechanics of becoming an engineer, and while his mind was not fully between decisions to wake it self up to becoming one thing or another, Rauben enlisted in the Air Force to get his head OUT of the clouds. How about that? Curmey Rauben's den of iniquity is the 195th Communications Squadron at Seattle Washing-

ton called, "The Walling of Y'merey". About the time I started the revista however, I found that I had another idea clicking around in my mind. I had been reading a lot of things by various Scotch poets around those times, and the poem about "flies having smaller flies to bite them" stuck in my mind. I got to thinking about that from the reverse aspect, and it proved an amazing idea. To toasties the idea to Shape Chambers (rather than Warwolves because it gives you more room to play around in) was an obvious move. Everything else de-

lay our revelling Mr. Reid, was good enough to coc him two honours in our CAULDRON CLASSIC and captured for the supply soldier of the alt., the SHOULDER award for his writhing writing. Not to sound corny or anything, it looks like it pays to keep trying don't it? But don't give up the spirit yet! ORDOP TROOP, there are still THREE more FIRST PRIZES to be given out before the bout is over, and one of the winners might turn out to be . . . YOU! While everyone waits with breathless impatience, don't forget to keep a spare stare out, looking for gunky UNC and

FIRST PRIZE WINNER!



SGT. REUBEN REID

ton. He tells me he'll be laying that assignment sometime in October of 1970. In case there are any unattached demons, searching for some BOO! to share a bleed feed with . . . I'm sure our bloody Buddy Raubes will be glad to oblige! He won't mind a witch or two getting in touch with him, as long as they don't BITE . . . behuhuhuh! Oh, I almost forgot . . . about Raubes shenanominal, "IN THE SUBWAY" almost NOT getting type setting. In our contest champ's own words; . . . "I had intended to send you a rewrite of an earlier story I had written

developed as a logical necessity, and the story 'jes growed'."

WHEN I finished the first draft I had manuscript about half as long as the one I eventually sent you. The story developed more slowly, and I explained things more completely. When I drew some roughs however, I found that I had too many pages, and way too many panels. I did a feel rewrite, cut out the whole middle section, and condensed the story. By this time however, I was running close to content dead line, so I had to send it to you "as was" . . . "AS WAS", so simply put

his junky hunk when it hits the pits next month. They'll be boasting about our second big winner in CREEPY and EERIE's first annual CAULDRON CLASSIC.

I KNOW the geep will agree with me when I say, I wish everyone could win . . . but of course, that's hoping for too much. To those who sent in your gory lions and DONT' take a prize . . . dry your eyes and wise up . . . maybe NEXT time . . . who knows? To our first, head spinning winner, Sergeant REUBEN REID again from the slot lot here in the rot pot . . . CONGRATULATIONS!

AS A TOKEN OF MY INFECTION FOR YOU...
GORE CORE. I'M TAKING YOU ON A TRIP INTO
A TUNNEL OF TERROR, TO FIND OUT WHAT'S
HAPPENING WAY DOWN ...

IN THE SUBWAY

THE CITY WAS FILLED WITH SCAVENGGERS THAT PREYED ON THE HELPLESS AND HASTENED TO HIDE FROM THE DARKENED STREETS. OLD BENJI KNEW THIS. THIRST AND HUNGER HAD DRIVEN HIM OUT OF THE FLOP HOUSE. HE HAD MANAGED TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS.

NOW ALL HE WANTED TO DO WAS GET TO A BAR. THE SUNRAY WOULD GET HIM DOWNTOWN SOONER. AS HE STUMBLLED DOWN THE STAIRS ... A WARMLY BLACK HAIRIED BEGAN TO PILL HIM ...

BENJI SCUTTLED PAST THE VENDI-BOOTH, DOWN THE BLACKENED PLATFORM... AND SUDDENLY, IT ROSE IN FRONT OF HIM! OLD BENJI HARDLY HAD TIME TO SCREAM AS JAWS AND CLAWS RIPPED SHUT...!!

DELIAN SHIVERED AS HE FELT THE CHANGE TAKE HIS FORM AGAIN. A SLIGHT PAIN IN THE JOINTS, THEN HE BEGAN TO DISPOSE OF HIS LATEST HUNT.

THESE SPONGES WILL CLEAN UP THE BLOOD. THE AUTO-JAUNATORS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST.

IT WAS SO EASY BEING A SHAPE CHANGER THESE DAYS DELIAN MUSED. NO ONE BELIEVED IN MONSTERS NOW-A-DAYS ANYWAY.

RECOVERED THE JAMMING DEVICE FROM THE VENDI-BOOTH...THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE BODY ONCE IT REACHES THE RIVER.

I MADE SURE THERE WERE NO OBVIOUS REMAINS FOR THE AUTO-MATED CLEAN FORCE TO FIND. SO EASY...HA...

IT WAS ALSO AN EASY JOB MAKING A PERSON NOT WANT TO USE A PARTICULAR SUBWAY STATION. EVENTUALLY SOME WEAK MINDED SOUL WOULD SLIP INTO RANGE.....

OR AT LEAST IT HAD BEEN UNTIL DELIAN ENCOUNTERED THE ONE HE CALLED.... THE COMMUTER.



ME AND FELT THE CHANGE THROBBING TO TAKE PLACE IN HIM. A CLICK, AND THE VENDI-BOOTH HAD GONE DEAD! NO TRAINS WOULD COME THROUGH UNTIL HE RELEASED THE JAMMER.

NAILS CLICKING ON THE CEMENT, HE LODED FORWARD TOWARD THE SINGLE COMMUTER WHO WAITED THE TRAIN. A SPRING, A RUSH, THE FLASHING OF FANGS AND HE WOULD FEAST AS HE NEVER HAD BEFORE!

THIS ONE MUST BE MINE!



A ROBO-TRAIN FLICKED AROUND THE CURVE OF THE RETAINING WALL! BUT HOW...!!

BUT... THE JAMMER! WHY DIDN'T THE JAMMER WORK?

NOOO... HE'S MINE... YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM... NOOOO!!!



SNARLS AND MOANS OF FROSTED HUNGER ESCAPED DELIAN'S COUGHING THROAT. THEN HE WHEELED AND SENT HIS MIND SLAMMING OUTWARD.



THE BUM COULD NOT SPEAK... HIS MIND AFLOAT IN A GAGGLE OF FEAR... HE TRIED TO RISE, TO RUN...

...BUT DELIAN COULD CONTROL HIMSELF NO LONGER, AND HE BUTCHERED THE QUAKING DERELICT WITH A FEROSITY NEVER EVEN TO HIMSELF!!!



IT WAS ALL WRONG. THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO TRAIN. THE MAN HAD NOT EVEN NOTICED HIS RUSH NOR THE MANIACAL TORTIONS OF DELIAN, AS HE SPED ALONG THE CAR, TRYING TO FORCE HIS WAY IN.

THE SCRAMBLED ON THAT VENDI-BOOTH SHOULD HAVE PREVENTED ANYONE FROM ENTERING. EVEN THE SIGN SAID NO TRAINS UNTIL 0600. NOW...?



THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUBWAY PLATFORM SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOCKED. NO TRAINS WERE DUE, BUT ONE HAD COME RUMBLING THROUGH!

SOMEONE WAS THERE THOUGH, A MAN! BUT IF THE VENDI-BOOTH MALFUNCTIONED, IT SHOULD NOT HAVE ADMITTED ANYONE!



WITH A SIGH, DELIAN REACHED UP TO UNDO HIS COLLAR, TO RELAX, TO LET THE CHANGE FLOW OVER HIM.

I FEEL GOOD ABOUT TONIGHT... I KNOW THIS HUNT WILL BE A SUCCESS!



AND IF HIS SCHEDULE WAS OUT OF DATE, THEN IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OPERATIONAL. THERE WAS NO EXPLANATION THAT WOULD FIT! DELIAN SHIVERED CLOSER TO THE ELECTRO-FIRE.

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS DELIAN HUNKERED IN HIS APARTMENT AFRAID TO GO OUT. THEN ON THE SIXTEENTH, AS THE SUN sank, he felt the old rage begin to stir in him.

MUST BE CAREFUL TONIGHT... THE HUNT MUST NOT BE FOR ME!



GRIMM OF ASONY, HE FORCED THE CHANGE ONLY PARTIALLY COMPLETE, TO COME TO A STOP WITHIN HIM. THERE BEYOND REASON WAS THE MAN, THE SAME MAN!

HIM...!!



THE SIDES THAT NO LONGER FIT HIS FEET SENT
SHAFTS OF PAIN UP HIS FLANKS. THIS ONE WOULD
PLAY GAMES WITH HIM...AND WITH BUBBLING
HATE, DELIAN STALKED FORWARD.

A HALF-MAD LAUGH COUGHED INTO DELIAN'S
THROAT, A PROFOUND HATE EATING AT HIS
BRAIN. NOW WHAT WOULD THE INTRUDER
THINK TO DO...



WITH A SOBBING CRY DELIAN LEAPED FORWARD, HIS HANDS SLIDING THROUGH THE DOORS, TRYING WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH TO OPEN THEM. AHEAD HE SAW THE REVERSING WALL, AND JUST BEFORE THE WALL WOULD HAVE TORN HIM LOOSE...



WITH A HOWL, DELIAN LEAPED UPON THE STARTLED VICTIM... TEARING THE UMBRELLA FROM HIS HANDS. NOW HE WAS PREPARED TO RIP THE LIFE OUT OF HIM, WHEN SUDDENLY THE MAN'S SMOKING FACE PREVENTED IT-- HIS FACE...



IT WAS HIS FACE!



AROUND HIM DELIAN SAW THE WALLS AND CHAIRS BEGIN TO ALTER HORRIBLY. THEY NOW BECOME LUMPY AND PINKISH. THE WINDOWS BEGAN TO SHRINK, TO FLOW INTO THE WALLS AS DARKNESS BEGAN TO CLOSE AROUND HIM.

THAT SOUND... LIKE THE GURGLE OF... NOOO....

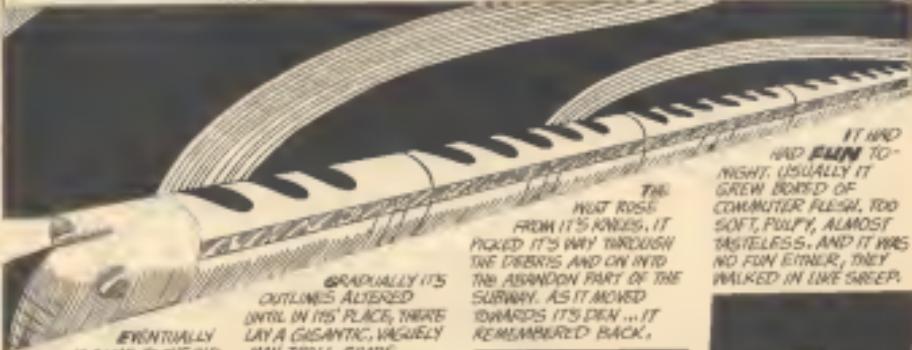
SUDDENLY THE BODY HE WAS CLUTCHING WAS NOT THAT OF A MAN, BUT ONLY A VAGUELY HUMAN-LIKE BUNK OF TWITCHING PROTOPLASM. WITH A WIMPER, DELIAN ROLLERED THE THING AND WHEELED AROUND.



THEN THE LAST LIGHT WENT OUT. IN THE DARKNESS DELIAN COULD HEAR THE JUICES GUSHING AROUND HIM. HE HOWLED IN AGONY AS HIS BODY SWIRLED INTO THE SLIME OF BURNING LIQUID... HE HOWLED A LONG TIME... UNTIL AT LAST, HE HAD BEEN DISSOLVED!



EPILOGUE: A ROBO-TRAIN RUMBLED ITS WAY THROUGH THE TUNNEL, BENEATH THE CITY, AT THIS HOUR, AND IN THIS PART OF THE CITY, THERE WAS NO ONE IN THE SUBWAY TO WATCH IT.



EVENTUALLY
IT CAME TO THE OLD
AND BLOCKED OFF SECTIONS
OF PRE 2050 CONSTRUCTION.
WHERE THE TRACKS ENDED,
THE ROBO-TRAIN CAME TO A
STOP.

GRADUALLY ITS
OUTLINES ALTERED
UNTIL IN ITS PLACE, THERE
LAY A GIGANTIC, VAGUELY
MAN-TROLL SNAP.

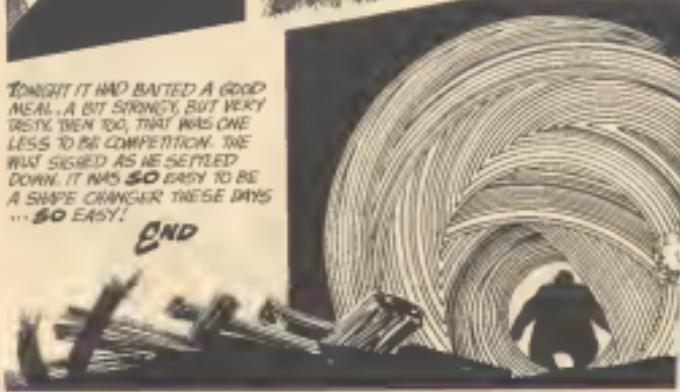
THE
WUG ROSE
FROM ITS KNEES, IT
PICKED IT'S WAY THROUGH
THE DEBRIS AND ON INTO
THE ABANDON PART OF THE
SUBWAY. AS IT MOVED
TOWARDS ITS DEN... IT
REMEMBERED BACK,

IT HAD
HAD FUN TO-
NIGHT. USUALLY IT
GREW BORED OF
COMMUTER FLESH, TOO
SOFT, PULPY, ALMOST
TASTELESS. AND IT WAS
NO FUN EITHER, THEY
WALKED IN LIKE SHEEP.



TONIGHT IT HAD BAITED A GOOD
MEAL, A BIT STRONG, BUT VERY
DREST. THEN TOO, THAT WAS ONE
LESS TO BIG COMPETITION. THE
WUG SIGHED AS HE SETTLED
DOWN. IT WAS SO EASY TO BE
A SHAPE CHANGER THESE DAYS
... SO EASY!

END



CRRRR-CRRR, THERE'S A
TRAIN OF THOUGHT THAT
REALLY CHANGED TRACKS...
ACK ACK! JUST WATCH IT
... NEXT TIME YOU GET CAUGHT
IN THE RUSH HOUR CRUSH.
YOU MIGHT NOT GET OUT...

TOOT....!

IT'S LIKE FISHING AROUND FOR
SOME FOUNDLING FABLES....
WRIGGLE ROGUES & GET
YOUR HOOK BAITED, BOOBY—
AND LET'S SLIP INTO A
GLITTERING DITHERING
THAT'LL KEEP YOU CRAWLING
—SOON AS WE FIND OUT
WHICH WAY....

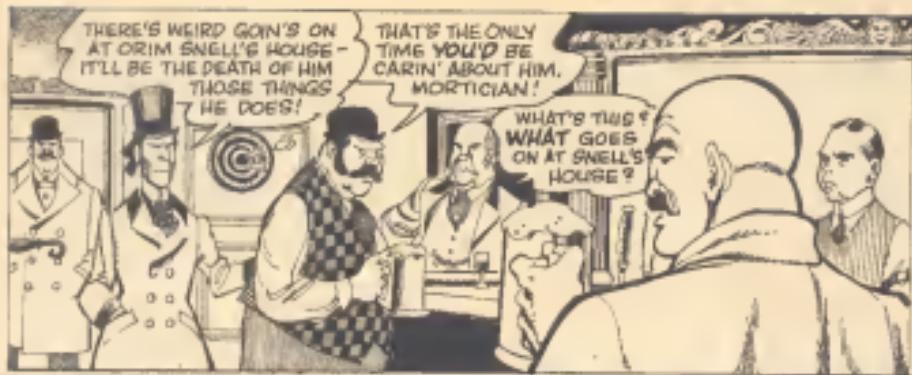
The WORM is turning



FORBIDDEN WHISPERS FELL
AGAINST THE HEAVY
SILENCE OF THE NIGHT....



-BEHOLD... A PACT OF EVIL
TAKES FORMATION!





MORNING





THE NEXT MORNING, IN
THE FUNERAL PARLOR-

I FOUND NOTHING
ON HIM OF ANY
VALUE - SORRY,
GENTLEMEN!

...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY HAWKE?



...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY BILLINGSWORTHY?



...AND IN THEIR MINDS, THEY ALL WONDER...
HAVE THEY BEEN CHEATED BY ALF?



IN THE FUNERAL PARLOR -

"THOUSANDS OF POUNDS
IN HIS POCKETS! HE WAS
A MADMAN TO PUT HIS
NAME ON THE BILLS! ALL
I NEED DO IS MARK OVER
THE WORDS - AND SHELL
WILL BE HAPPY WITH HIS
WORMS UNDERGROUND!"



IN BILLINGSWORTH'S HOUSE -



IN ALF'S TAVERN -



-AND IN BELLOW'S BLACKSMITH SHOP...

'T'S A LIE!

"BULL" BELLOW
DID YOU OR DID
YOU NOT KILL
MORDECAI HAWK,
TITUS BILLINGSWORTH,
AND ALF COVNE
FOR WITHHOLDING
ILLEGAL SUMS OF
MONEY FROM YOUR

"BULL" BELLOW, DID YOU
OR DID YOU NOT WEAKEN
THE HOUSE OF ORIN SNELL
TO THE EXTENT THAT IT
FELL AND KILLED HIM, IN AN
EFFORT TO GAIN MONEY
FROM HIS ESTATE?

IT'S ANOTHER
LIE! I'D NEVER DO
NOTHIN' LIKE AT!
YOU 'AVENT ANY
PROOF!

OH... I SHAN'T HAVE
TOO MUCH TROUBLE
FINDING THAT! —
SERGEANT, PUT THIS
MAN IN CUSTODY!
OH, AND ARRANGE A
MEETING BETWEEN
THE CORONER AND
MYSELF!

IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE —

I AM HAVING THE BODIES OF THE THREE MEN MOVED IN
HERE! I WANT YOU TO MAKE A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION!
LATER I'LL EXUMATE SNELL'S BODY, FOR YOUR EXAMINATION —
THE CHAIR WE FOUND IN THE HAYLOFT WAS BLOODSTAINED
AND WORMHOLED, WITH THOUSANDS OF POUNDS USED FOR
STUFFING! WE HAVE EVIDENCE, BUT NONE THAT INCRIMINATES
BELLOW FOR MURDER — ONLY THEFT!

MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN
THINKIN' IN THE WRONG
DIRECTION!

DICK RICHARDSON
PENCIL & INKS

EH? WHAT'S
THAT?

IT'S COMMON GOSSIP SNELL
DABBLED IN THE SUPERNATURAL!
YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE A
CURSE, NOT A CRIME! THERE
CAN ONLY BE A CURSE ON
SNELL'S GRAVE — DON'T OPEN
IT IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

CURSES! WOODWOOD!
BAH! GET OUT OF HERB AND
DO YOUR JOB!

SOON, IN THE CEMETERY, THE
COMMISSIONER DOES HIS JOB...

COMMISSIONER, SIR -
THE DOCTOR SAID FOR
YOU NOT TO DIG UP
MR SNELL'S GRAVE -
STRANGEST THING
'E EVER 'EARD OF, 'E
SAID - ABOUT THE WAY
THE MEN DIED...

- AND HOW I SHALL
DIE, I GATHER!

- OPEN THE LID, EZRA! HOW WILL IT BE?
VOODOO, WITCHES BREW, OR, MORE
LIKELY, A THICK STRIP OF LEATHER
FROM THE SWIMMER'S SHOP 'ROUND MY
NECK, EH?

NO SIR -

'E SAID MR BOLLOW DIED
IN HIS CELL OF THE SAME
THING AS THE OTHERS!

TABEWORMS

OOP! SCUSE ME! HOW'S THAT FOR
CURING BUTTERFLIES OF THE TUMMY?
HEH... THAT ORIM-
TURNED OUT
JUST LIKE I
KNEW HE
WOULD...
ROTTEN TO
THE CORE!
- GRAKK...

BURP! EXCUSE ME... DEMENTED DINERS... JUST DIGESTING ANOTHER DELICIOUS DRIBBLE OF SALINATING SAVOUR-FAIRE! YOU LOOK FUNKY... SO IF YOU CAN SPITBACH A TASTE OF TWANGY TID-BITS, WHY NOT MUNCH ON THIS WORMED MORSEL OF MANIA, A FEAST ON SOME PITT ME CALL...

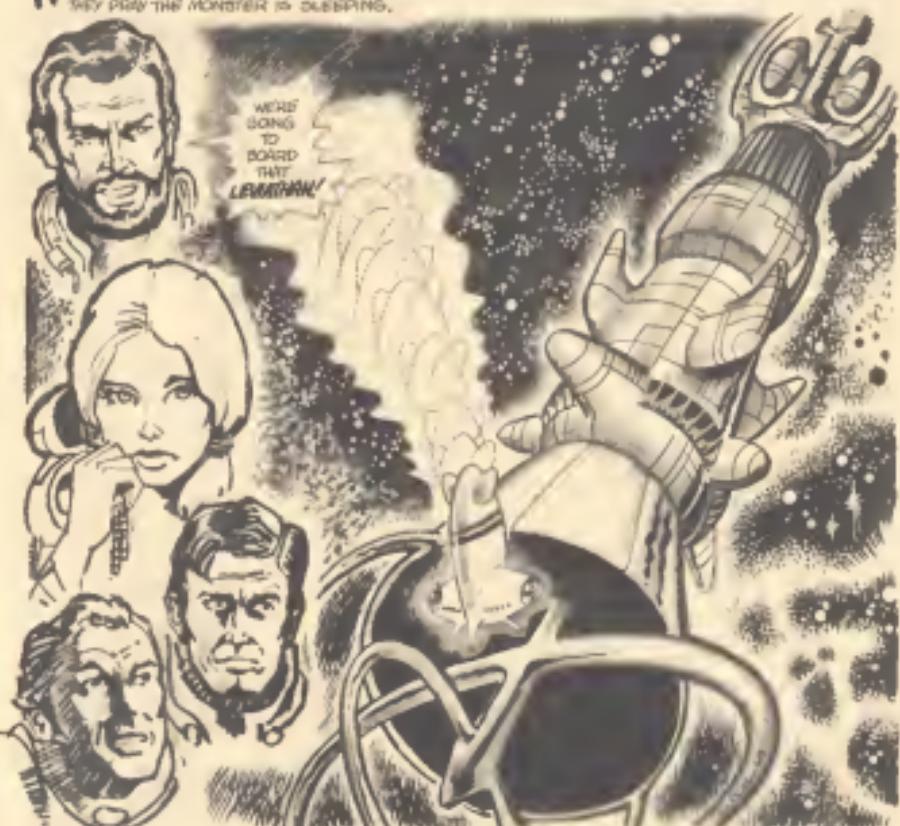
GRUB

LORD! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!/ IT'S AS LARGE AS A SMALL MOON!/ ARE WE GOING TO CHALLENGE IT GIRL?

WE'VE WAITED LONG ENOUGH!/ KUNG, GET A GROUP TOGETHER...

WHILE ON PATROL IN GALACTIC SECTOR SIGMA, THE CREW OF THE STAR SHIP LARK, UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN GAMOV, HAS COME ACROSS AN INTRUDER, LIKE THE BARDINE WHO BLUNDERS INTO A WHALE, THEY PRAY THE MONSTER IS SLEEPING.

WE'RE GOING TO BOARD THAT LEVIATHAN!









WHAT BEGAN AS A SHIP OF
TERROR HAS AMAZINGLY
BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO
A PLEASURABLE NIGHT.



FIGHT!
COME WITH ME!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
WILLIAMS?

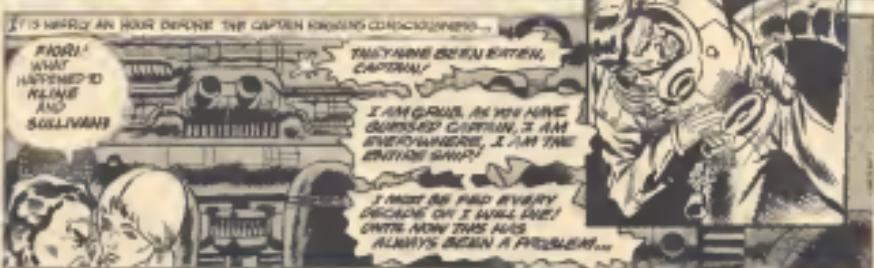
EVERYTHING! / MERELY THAT ZAWND THAT I
KILLED AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR.
WHAT DO PRETTY LITTLE HUMANS HAVE
TO DO WITH AN OVERGROWN ENEMY? //

SHUTUP! THAT'S THE ANSWER! THIS
ISN'T A SIDE PART! THIS IS A GIANT
BEING FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!
IT'S KEEPING OFF US, AND THESE
GIRLS ARE ONLY ALIVE BECAUSE WE'VE
GOT TO HURRY BACK TO THE PARTY
AND WARN THE OTHERS! //



RAAH
RAARRA
RAARRA
RAARRA







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MAIL COUPON TODAY—WHILE THEY LAST!

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YOU KNOW THE SAYING. "CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT." WELL, THIS NEXT LITTLE TREAT I'M GOING TO SERVE YOU IS ALL ABOUT PROFESSOR CONRAD OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. THE PROFESSOR CERTAINLY HAS PLENTY OF CURIOSITY. BUT, BLESS HIS HEART, HE ISN'T LOOKING FOR CATS ON HIS JOURNEY DEEP INTO THE UNCHARTED JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA. NO, NOT PROFESSOR CONRAD! HE'S LOOKING FOR THE...

VALLEY OF THE VAMPIRES

IF ONLY JOSEPH HAD WORN HIS GARUC WREATH LAST NIGHT. BUT HE REFUSED TO. THE OTHER CAMP GUARDS WORE THEIRS AND TODAY THEY'RE STILL ALIVE.

NONSENSE /
HE WAS KILLED
BY A PYTHON
PROFESSOR

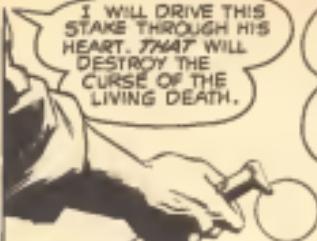
NO, FORBES...
A PYTHON WOULD HAVE
CRUSHED HIS BODY AS
YOU CAN SEE THERE
ARE NO BROKEN BONES.

THEY LOOK LIKE
THE MARKS OF SNAKE
FANGS, BUT... COULD
HE BE RIGHT?

V-VAMPIRE!

A FORBIDDEN SILENCE FALLS UPON THE STEAMING TROPICAL JUNGLES AS PROFESSOR CONRAD CONTEMPLATES JOSEPH'S LIFE LESS BODY...

HE DIED THE DEATH OF THE DAMNED. THE TAINT OF THE VAMPIRE HAS CURSED HIS FLESH. WE MUST MAKE CERTAIN THAT HE WILL REST IN PEACE FOR ALL ETERNITY.



I WILL DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART. THIS WILL DESTROY THE CURSE OF THE LIVING DEATH.

GO AHEAD! BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN I BELIEVE THERE ARE VAMPIRES IN THIS TERRITORY...

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION, FORBES. BUT YOU ARE MERELY A GUIDE... WHILE I HAVE DEVOTED MY ENTIRE LIFE TO RESEARCHING THE MANY LEGENDS OF THE VAMPIRIC CREATURES IN THESE JUNGLES.

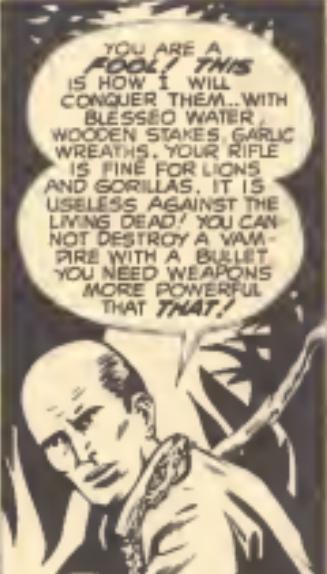
EVEN ANCIENT MAYAN HIEROGLYPHICS SPEAK OF A VAMPIRE CULTURE HERE. I PLAN TO BRING ONE BACK TO CIVILIZATION.



THINK OF IT, FORBES / I'LL MAKE ANTHROPOLOGICAL HISTORY!



IF THEY EXIST, BUT IF THEY DO I'LL BE READY FOR THEM. THIS RIFLE IS ALL I NEED. I'LL PLUG A VAMPIRE LIKE I DO A WILD ANIMAL.



YOU ARE A FOOL! THIS IS HOW I WILL CONQUER THEM... WITH BLESSED WATER, WOODEN STAKES, GARLIC WREATHS. YOUR RIFLE IS FINE FOR LIONS AND GORILLAS. IT IS USELESS AGAINST THE LIVING DEAD! YOU CAN NOT DESTROY A VAMPIRE WITH A BULLET. YOU NEED WEAPONS MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT!



WHAT IF WE DON'T GET A CHANCE TO USE THESE THINGS...?

IN THAT EVENT, I
WOULD RATHER NOT
CONSIDER OUR FATES.

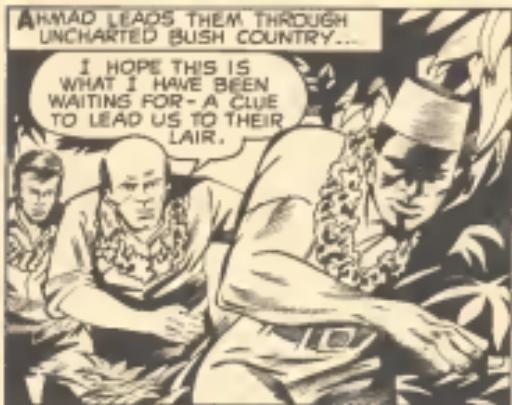
I'VE FOUND SOMETHING VERY STRANGE.
IT'S ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE, PROFESSOR.
FOLLOW ME! QUICKLY!

HERE
COMES
AHMAD.



AHMAD LEADS THEM THROUGH
UNCHARTED BUSH COUNTRY...

I HOPE THIS IS
WHAT I HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR - A CLUE
TO LEAD US TO THEIR
LAIR.



WHAT
IS IT,
PROFES-
SOR?

THAT IS THE TRACK
OF THE VAMPIRE, THE
TALEONED FOOTPRINT
OF A BAT THE
SIZE OF A
HUMAN BEING.
NOW DO YOU
DOUBT THEIR
EXISTENCE?

I GUESS
I OWE YOU
AN APOLOGY,
PROF.

I ACCEPT
YOUR APOLOGY,
FORBES.



A SUDDEN CRACK OF LIGHTNING
IGNITES THE SKY. EERIE PEALS OF
THUNDER WARN THEM TO EXPECT A
TROPICAL RAINFALL AT ANY MOMENT.

I HAVE COME MUCH TOO FAR TO TURN
BACK NOW! THE STORM WILL DESTROY
THE SOFT GROUND AND TURN IT INTO
MUD. SO WE MUST

HURRY AND FOLLOW
THE VAMPIRE
TRACKS BEFORE
THE RAINS
OBBLITERATE
THEM. TIME IS
OF THE ESSENCE,
FORBES!



MANY WEARY HOURS LATER,
PROF. CONRAD AND FORBES ARE
STILL TRAILING THE VAMPIRE
PRINTS...

SUDDENLY...

LISTEN...

THE DRUMS SOUND CLOSE BY!

YES! THEY'RE CALLING
TOGETHER ALL THE
MEMBERS OF THE CULT
FOR THE LEGENDARY
DANCE OF THE DAMNED!
HURRY FORBES!

BOOM-DA DA BOOM-DA-DA

BOOM-DA

THEY RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE BLACK-
NESS TOWARDS THE UNHOLY RHYTHM
OF THE DEMONIAC DRUMBEATING...

DA BOOM
DA BOOM
BOOM-DA-DA



IT'S - GHASTLY!
- THE DANCE OF
THE DAMNED!

BOOM-DA-BOOM

THIS IS --
MAGNIFICENT!





THERE ARE INTRUDERS AMONG US!
THEY MUST BE CAPTURED AND
BROUGHT BEFORE MY THRONE!
I, SAZARO, MASTER OF THE
UNDEAD, HAVE SPOKEN!



THE VAMPIRE CREATURES ATTACK,
PROFESSOR CONRAD AND FORBES!
THE GARLIC WREATHS ARE USELESS!
THEY DON'T AFFECT THESE MONSTERS!



GARLIC WREATHS! BLESSED
WATER, HAH / HAH /

BUT SURELY YOU
ARE VULNERABLE!
YOU MUST BE!

OF COURSE! YOU COULD
HAVE RENDERED US
HELPLESS WITH AS SIMPLE
A DEVICE AS A REVOLVER,
A BULLET... HA HA HA!

HAHA-HAHA-HAHA-HA

SO YOU SEE, FANG GANS
WHEN YOU GO LOOKING FOR
A VAMPIRE BE SURE TO
TAKE ALONG EVERY WEAPON
YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS
ON... YOU NEVER KNOW
WHAT KIND OF VAMP YOU
MIGHT RUN INTO! IN THE
MEANTIME THOUGH, INSTEAD
OF LOOKING FOR VAMPIRES,
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO
LOOK AT MY NEXT FEAR
FABLE... YOU'LL BE A LOT
SAFER Y'KNOW...

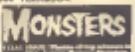


END

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1969 YEARBOOK

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1971 SPECIAL CONTEST ISSUE

1972 CONTEST WINNERS

1973 THE HUNCHBACK



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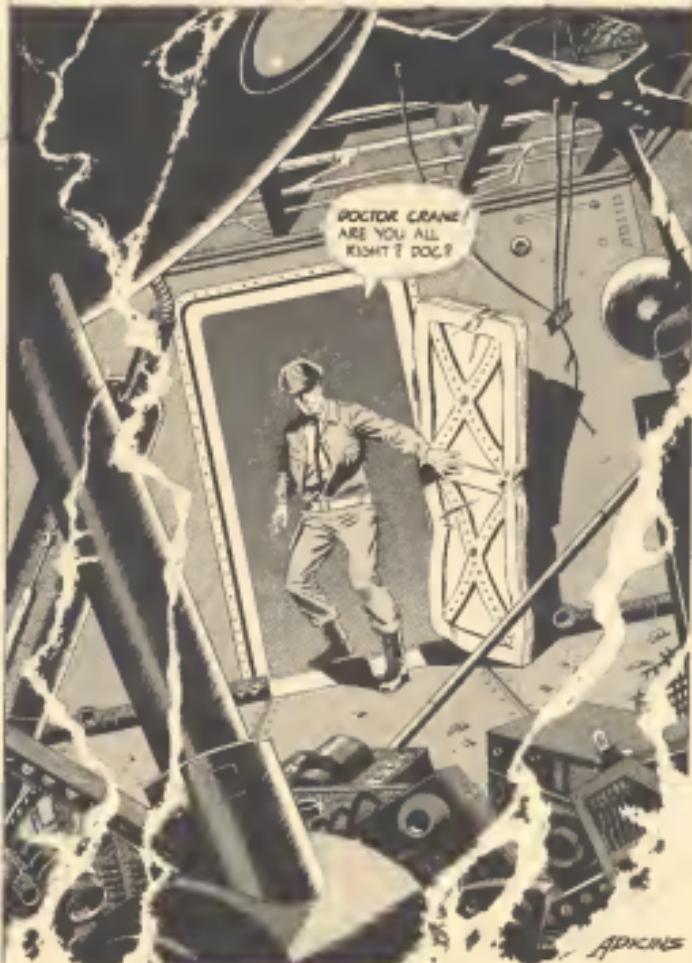
SO, FEAR, FANCIERS, HERE WE STAND AGAIN ON THE THRESHOLD OF TERROR... READY TO TAKE THE BIG STEP INTO THE UNKNOWN? THEN GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR NERVES AND JOIN ME AS WE PASS THROUGH...

THE DOORWAY!

THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT... MUST TALK QUICKLY... I'M CHARLES DRAVEN, SECURITY GUARD AT PROJECT ZEUS, TOP PRIORITY GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENTAL LABS. AT LEAST I WAS BEFORE THIS ALL BEGAN, BEFORE CORRIDOR 5 WAS ROCKED BY THE EXPLOSION... THE EXPLOSION THAT STARTED IT ALL...



IT WAS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT... THAT LONG, MONOTONOUS HAIL FROM MIDNIGHT TO DAWN WHEN THE ONLY DISTURBANCE IS USUALLY THE SOFT WHIR OF THE AIR PURIFICATION SYSTEM THAT MAKES THIS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX LIVABLE... BUT NOT THIS NIGHT, NOT WITH A GENIUS IN RESEARCH ON THE VERGE OF A DISCOVERY...



THE EXPLOSION HAD BEEN LIKE A BIG THUNDERCLAP, YET THERE WAS NO FIRE, NO SIGN OF BURNING, EXCEPT FOR A FOUL-SMELLING MIST IN THE AIR...

NOT A SIGN OF THE OLD MAN... I WAS IN THE CORRIDOR, HE COULD'VE HADN'T GOTTEN BY ME...

WHAT'S THIS?

THERE THE BOOK LAY AMID SCATTERED TRAPPIES OF TWENTIETH CENTURY SCIENCE, INCREDIBLY ANCIENT, ITS YELLOWED DECAYING PAGES INTINNICIALLY OPENED...

WHAT WOULD A TOP SCIENTIST BE DOING WITH THIS? SPELLS INCANTATIONS... BLACK MAGIC...

THEN FOR THE FIRST TIME I NOTICED... IT!

WHAT IN...

IT GLOWED AND BECKONED, SEEING TO FILL THE ENTIRE ROOM WITH A STRANGE LIGHT—TRANCE LIKE, I RAISED MY HAND TOWARD THE SHINING, PULSATING SURFACE...

THIS WALL IS STEEL... CONCRETE... CABLES AND INSULATION... I CAN'T BE DOING THIS! IT'S LIKE... A... PODWAY! YOU COULD ALMOST...

HAD I FACED A MAELSTROM, THE PULL WOULD HAVE BEEN NO GREATER THAN THE GLIMMERING VORTEX THAT DREW ME FORWARD...

STEP THROUGH IT!

FOR AN INSTANT I WAS IN ETERNITY,
IN LIMBO - FLOATING THROUGH A VAST
TIMELESS COSMOS BEYOND IMAGINA-
TION, BEYOND COMPREHENSION.



THEN I WAS THROUGH... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR,
WHICH SPANNED TWO WORLDS... TWO DIMENSIONS... TWO REALMS
TOTALLY AND INALTERABLY APART, YET JOINED!

LORD! I'VE GONE MAD...
I MUST HAVE GONE MAD!



IF ONLY IT HAD BEEN MADNESS... THE WERE PRODUCT OF A
MIND GIVEN OVER TO INSANITY...



AND FOR THE NIGHTMARE THAT FOLLOWED HIM, THERE ARE NO WORDS...



GUAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

THERE WAS NO TIME TO THINK, IF MADNESS WERE TO COME IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BY THINKING OF WHAT I SAW... TRAINING AND REACTION TOOK OVER COMPLETELY...



BUT THE .45 AUTOMATIC IS A WEAPON FOR THE CREATURES OF THIS WORLD...



I WATCHED IN IMPOTENT HORROR AS THE THING CLAMPED ON TO THE SCREAMING SCIENTIST WITH SLIMY, GRASPING TENDRILS, LIKE SOME GROTESQUE, GIANT SLUG...



BUT THE FINAL OBSCENITY WAS YET TO COME!

OH, MY GOD! IT'S PADING INTO THE DOCTOR... BELOW-ING P-PART OF HIM!



FOR A FEW MERCIFUL MOMENTS, DOCTOR CRANE WAS UNCONSCIOUS, THEN HE STIERED...



SCIENTIFIC STUDY ONLY TAKES YOU SO FAR... WANTED TO TRY OLDER FORMS... MAGIC, SUPERSTITION, ALL HAVE SOME BASIS IN FACT... CONTACT WITH PARALLEL DIMENSION LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN COMMUNICATION WITH "SPIRIT WORLD," SUMMONING DEMONS, LIKE THING INSIDE ME...



IT'S TAKING OVER... GAINING CONTROL... I CAN'T FIGHT IT, DAMON! CAN USE ME TO INVADE OUR WORLD... ONLY ONE WAY... TO STOP IT... KILL ME... PLEASE! KILL ME!



THE BLUE STEEL OF THE AUTOMATIC GREW HEAVY IN MY HAND... I HESITATED THEN NUMBLY OBEDIED DOCTOR CRANE'S PLEADING, SLOWLY CLOUDING EYES...

THE SHOT SLAMMED HOME, BRINGING PEACE TO THE DOCTOR, BUT ITS SOUND ATTRACTED ANOTHER OF THE NIGHTMARE THINGS TO ME!



...EXCEPT AS A CLUB!



SUDDENLY, I WAS FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE, MY WORLD, WITH EVERY OUNCE OF SKILL AND DETERMINATION... STRUGGLING TO AVOID THE MOIST REPTILIAN GRIP OF THAT SLITHERING HORROR!

MY STRUGGLES SEEMED DOOMED... THE SUCTIONING TENTACLES FASTENED TIGHT AND A WAVE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS SWEEPED OVER ME EVEN AS WE TOPPLED INTO THE DRAWING POWER OF THE DIMENSIONAL POORWAY...



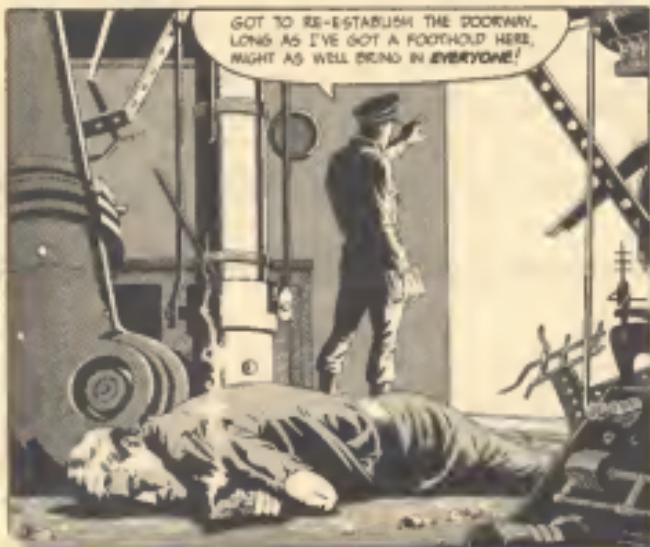
I CAME TO BACK HERE IN THE LAB, KNOWING THE CREATURE WOULD SOON TAKE CONTROL OF ME... HAD TO ACT FAST... USED THE DOG'S BOOK TO DESTROY THE POOR MAM, AND THIS RECORDING WILL WARN THE WORLD... ONE LAST ACT AND I'VE WON... WOW!



THE GUN'S REPORT HAS NOT FADED BEFORE FOOT STEPS RESOUND IN THE LABORATORY...



FOLLOWED BY THE GARBLED WHIRL OF WORDS AT HIGH SPEED, VANISHING INTO THE AIR AS THE TAPE RE-THREADS THROUGH THE MACHINE...



Get your loathsome library cards, kiddies,
it's CREEPY CLASSIC time time and
you'll want to check out
this weird work by
WASHINGTON IRVING
entitled...

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN STUDENT!

THE LIGHTNING GLEAMED AND LOUD CLAPS OF THUNDER RATTLED
THROUGH THE LOFTY NARROW STREETS OF PARIS'S OLD SECTION...
A CLOCKED FIGURE BENT INTO THE LASHING TORRENT, SCURRYING OVER THE
PUDDLED COBBLESTONE TOWARD THE SOLITARY GLOW OF A TAVERN LIGHT...

GOOD EVENING, MONSIEUR!
A TERRIBLE STORM...I HOPE
YOU DIDN'T COME FAR!

NOT FAR...ONLY
UP THE STREET.
A COGNAC, PLEASE!

UP THE STREET? BUT THE
ONLY THING UP THE
STREET IS THE...THE

...THE
ASYLUM!

FORGIVE MY CURIOSITY,
MONSIEUR, BUT WHAT
POSSESSES
A MAN TO
VISIT THE MADHOUSE ON
A NIGHT SUCH AS THIS?

WHAT POSSESSES
A MAN...?

WHY DO YOU ASK
THAT? WHAT DO
YOU KNOW OF
POSSESSION
OF MEN?



N-NOTHING, MONSIEUR
... A CHANCE CHOICE
OF WORDS... I---

NOTHING? THEN PER-
HAPS YOU MIGHT BE
INTERESTED IN A STORY
I HEARD TONIGHT...

I'M A MEDICAL EXAMINER, OFFICIAL
DUTIES BROUGHT ME TO THE ASYLUM...
THAT'S WHERE I LEARNED ABOUT A YOUNG
GERMAN... A STUDENT... **GOTTFRIED**
WOLFGANG...



A YOUNG MAN OF GOOD FAMILY, HE STUDIED FOR SOME TIME AT GOTTINGEN, BUT BEING OF AN
IMAGINATIVE AND OVERWROUGHT CHARACTER, HE WANDERED INTO WILD AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES
... EVENTUALLY TAKING UP THE NOTION THAT THERE WAS AN EVIL INFLUENCE HANGING OVER HIM; AN EVIL
SPIRIT SEEKING TO ENSNARE HIM AND ENSURE HIS PERDITION...

HIS FRIENDS DISCOVERED THE MENTAL MALADY PREYING UPON HIM AND DETERMINED THE BEST CURE WAS TO FINISH HIS STUDIES AMID THE SPLENDORS AND GAETIES OF PARIS...BUT WOLFGANG ARRIVED AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE SCENES OF BLOOD WHICH FOLLOWED SHOCKED HIS SENSITIVE NATURE, DISGUSTED HIM WITH SOCIETY AND THE WORLD...



HE RETREATED TO GLOOMY INTROSPECTION AND PURSUING HIS MORBID THEORIES IN THE GREAT PARIS LIBRARIES, QUESTING AFTER FOOD FOR HIS UNHEALTHY APPETITE, BECOMING A LITERARY GHOUl FEEDING IN THE CHARNEL HOUSE OF DEAD LITERATURE...

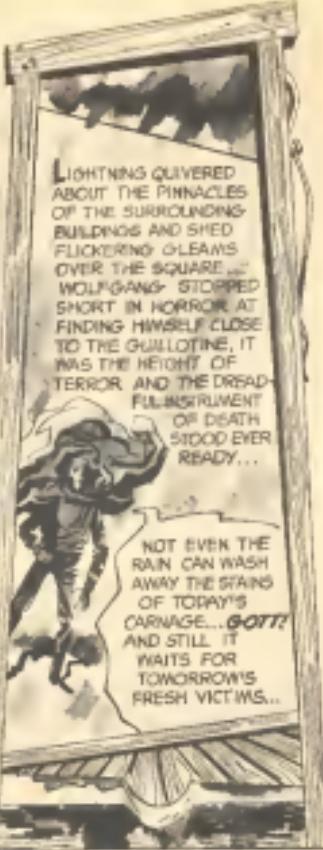


TOO SHY TO APPROACH GIRLS, HIS ARDENT NATURE THRUST A LOVELY, BUT HAUNTING VISION UPON HIM. A FACE OF TRANSCENDENT BEAUTY THAT FILLED HIS DREAMS OVER AND OVER...A SHADOW WHICH BECAME ONE OF THESE FIXED IDEAS THAT HAUNT THE MINDS OF MELANCHOLY MEN AND IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR MADNESS.

SUCH WAS GOTTFRIED WOLFGANG'S SITUATION WHEN, LATE ONE STORMY NIGHT, HE WAS RETURNING HOME THROUGH SOME OF THE GLOOMY OLD STREETS OF THE MARAIS, AN ANCIENT PART OF THE CITY...



HIS HEART SICKENED WITHIN HIM, AND WOLFGANG WAS TURNING SHUDDERING FROM THE HORRIBLE SIGHT, WHEN HE GLIMPSED A SHADOWY FORM COVERING AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS WHICH LED UP TO THE SCAFFOLD...



A SUCCESSION OF VIVID LIGHTNING FLASHES REVEALED THE CROUCHING FORM MORE CLEARLY AS WOLFGANG STUMBED FORWARD IN WONDER... THE BRIGHT GLARE ILLUMINATED THE UPRAISED FACE, THE VERY FACE WHICH HAUNTED HIM, IN HIS DREAMS, WILD-EYED, PALE AND DISCONSOLATE, BUT RAVISHINGLY BEAUTIFUL.



GOTTFRIED KNEW THESE WERE TERRIBLE TIMES... THE GUILLOTINE LEFT MANY MOURNERS... MANY DESOLATE AND ALONE...

YOUR FORTUNE, MISS... IS... IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANY THING TO BE DONE!

IT'S SUCH A LATE HOUR, THE STORM SO TERRIBLE... AREN'T THERE FRIENDS I CAN TAKE YOU TO?

T-THIS... HAS LEFT ME NO FRIENDS ON EARTH!

THE HEART OF THE STUDENT MELTED AT HER WORDS...

B-BUT... YOU MUST HAVE A HOME...

I HAVE NOTHING! THE ONLY PLACE LEFT ME IS THE GRAVE!

YOU MUST LET ME OFFER SHELTER, MYSELF AS A DEVOTED FRIEND... I AM FRIENDLESS MYSELF, A STRANGER IN PARIS... ALL I HAVE IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

THERE WAS AN HONEST EARNESTNESS IN THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNER, THAT HAD ITS EFFECT. THE HOMELESS GIRL CONFIDED HERSELF IMPPLICITLY TO THE PROTECTION OF THE STUDENT, AND WOLFGANG CONDUCTED HIS CHARGE THROUGH THE ANCIENT STREETS, PAST THE SORBONNE... TO THE GREAT DINGY HOTEL WHERE HE LIVED...

I MUST APOLOGIZE... IT IS QUITE SMALL, WITHOUT ELEGANCE... NATURALLY, IT IS MY INTENTION TO MOVE OUT, LEAVE IT FOR YOU AND... AND...



THE GIRL'S PRESENCE OVERWHELMED HIM, SEEMED TO PUT A SPELL ON HIS THOUGHTS AND SENSES. IN THE INFATUATION OF THE MOMENT, WOLFGANG AVOWED HIS PASSION FOR HER, TOLD THE STORY OF HIS MYSTERIOUS DREAM, AND HOW SHE POSSESSED HIS HEART BEFORE HE HAD EVEN SEEN HER.

I... I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME,
GOTTFRIED... IT'S WONDERFUL
TO HEAR YOU SAY
THAT!

WHY SHOULD WE
SEPARATE? YOU'VE
NO HOME, NO FAMILY
... LET **ME** BE EVERY-
THING... I'LL PLEDGE
MYSELF TO YOU...

FOREVER!

FOREVER!

...THEN I
AM YOURS!

THE NEXT MORNING WOLFGANG LEFT THE GIRL SLEEPING AND SALLIED FORTH AT AN EARLY HOUR TO SEEK MORE SPACIOUS APARTMENTS SUITABLE TO THE NEW SITUATION. HE RETURNED TO FIND HER IN AN UNEASY POSTURE, HER FACE PALLOID AND GHASTLY...

DARLING? DARLING? OH, NO... **NOOOOOO!**

...IN A
WORD,
SHE WAS
A CORPSE!

HORRIFIED AND FRANTIC, HE ALARMED THE HOUSE. A SENSE OF CONFUSION ENSUED. THE POLICE WERE SUMMONED.



AS THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ENTERED THE ROOM, HE STARTED BACK ON BEHOLDING THE CORPSE...



THEY TRIED TO SOOTHE HIM, BUT IN VAIN. HE WAS POSSESSED WITH THE FRIGHTFUL BELIEF THAT AN EVIL SPIRIT HAD REANIMATED THE DEAD BODY TO ENSHARE HIM...A BELIEF WHICH PERSISTED INTO THE MAD HOUSE.

THE FIEND! THE FIEND HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF ME! I AM LOST FOREVER!



SURELY, MONSIEUR,
AN EDUCATED MAN
LIKE YOURSELF
DOES NOT BELIEVE
SUCH A TALE...
OBVIOUSLY THE
STUDENT IN HIS
MADNESS
ROBBED A
GRAVE TO
OBTAIN THE
CORPSE!..

PERHAPS,
WE SHALL
NEVER KNOW.
I WAS SENT
FOR BECAUSE
GOTTFRIED
WOLFGANG
DIED TONIGHT.
I MADE OUT
THE CERTIFICATE.

AND THE
CIRCUMSTANCES...?
HEART FAIL-
URE, DEAD
WHEN THE
STAFF FOUND HIM IN
HIS SOLITARY CELL.
HE'D BEEN SCREAMING
ALL EVENING, MORE
VIOLENTLY THAN USUAL.
INSISTED THEY SAVE
HIM FROM BEING
POSSESSED, TAKEN
BY THE FIEND!

HIS OWN MAD FEARS BURST HIS
HEART, SO I WOULD THINK...
NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, EH,
MONSIEUR EXAMINER?

PRACTICALLY
NOTHING...ONLY
THIS BESIDE HIS
CORPSE!



WELL, NO MATTER MATTER ~~WHAT~~ POSSESSED
YOUNG WOLFGANG TO GET INVOLVED, HE'S
SHOULD BE FLATTERED TO HAVE A GIRL
LOSE HER HEAD OVER HIM THAT WAY!
NOW YOU BETTER ~~HEAD~~ FOR MY
NEXT NAUSEATING NOVELLETTE.

SHE'S HERE... **GIGGLE GUT!**
NOW QUIT FLITTING ABOUT LIKE SOME
BABBLING WIDGET, AND **TRY** TO ACT
A LITTLE... INHUMAN! AFTER ALL,
BUTTER BALL... YOU'D BE A
BABBLING BABBIT IF I'D
TURNED **YOU** AWAY,
WHEN YOU CAME TO
VISIT!

GAK... YOU'RE GONNA KNOCK MY
SHOCK GLASSES OFF, **FRAZZLE**
FACE... AND THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO
SEE THAT BLOB OF TREBBIBBLE
GLOB! YOUR BRAIN MUST BE
RUSTED IF YOU FIGURE I'M
GONNA BE FRIENDLY TO THAT
FRIKY FREAK! I'LL **SCREAM**
IF YOU LET HER IN...

THUMP
THUMP

YOU WILL TOO... **FANG GANG**, IF YOU **DARE** WATCH
OUR TISSUE-TEARING ISSUE **NEXT** TIME, AND FIND OUT
WHAT WITHERING WITCHERY AWAITS **YOU!!! GAK!**

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